The TURNED-INTO'S

ELIZABETH GORDON

Billy Haeberle,

Merry Christmas,

Mr. & Mrs. Albert Koehler

Albert Jr. & Karl.

Minneapolis 1925.

The
TURNED-INTO'S

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The TURNED-INTO'S

Jane Elizabeth discovers the Garden Folk

by

ELIZABETH GORDON

Author of "FLOWER CHILDREN", "WILD FLOWER CHILDREN", *etc.*

Illustrated by

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This little book is dedicated to
all children who love to work in gardens,
and who enjoy the big out-of-doors
and the little friends who live there;
and is especially dedicated to
JANET *and* CORA

HOW *THESE* STORIES BECAME

"I wonder, Lady Bug," said Jane Elizabeth's father to Jane Elizabeth, "now that Buddy Jim has come to live with us, if it would not be a good plan to go to the country to live this summer?"

"What *is* the Country, Daddy?" inquired Jane Elizabeth.

"It is a big place, all out-of-doors, like the park, only bigger," said Daddy, "and there are birds and bees and butterflies and moths and bugs, besides Grass-hoppers and Katy-dids and many other things; all wild and free with no cages for anything to live in.

"And there are wild flowers, and you could have a garden of your own. Shall we go, Lady Bug?" he asked.

"Oh, Daddy, let's!" said Jane Elizabeth.

And *that's* how these stories became!

TABLE *of* CONTENTS

PRINCE TIGER SWALLOW TAIL

THE JUNE BUG TWINS

THE KATY-DIDS

HUMMING BIRD MOTH

THE BABY FROGGIES

PRINCE *and* PRINCESS DRAGON FLY

JACK HORNET, THE PAPER MAKER

LITTLE MR. FIRE-FLY !

LADY LUNA MOTH

LADY BUG *and* HER CHILDREN

TRAP DOOR SPIDER

NURSE BUMBLE BEE

GRASSHOPPER GREY

LADY BIRD MOTH

CICADA'S VISIT *to* JANE ELIZABETH

MISS HONEY BEE

CRICKET-ON-THE-HEARTH

LITTLE MRS. HOP TOAD

PRINCE TIGER SWALLOW TAIL

Sister went to grammar school
And Daddy went to town,
And Mother had to go and shop
To buy a new silk gown;
The dog and cat both went away
On errands of their own;
"Oh dear!" sighed Jane Elizabeth
"It's lonely all alone!"

JANE ELIZABETH sat on the door step, looking for all the world like little Miss Muffet, in her dainty little white frock.

She was thinking to herself that if she had only *known* it was going to be so lonely she would have gone in to town to shop with her Mother. Mother had offered to take her, but she did not care much about shopping, 'cepting of course at Christmas time; and so she had said that she would rather stay at home.

It was one of those beautiful mornings when the sunshine seems to be all pure gold, and the world is all dressed up in different shades of green, and the little birds are singing because they are so happy that they just can't help it, and everything in the world is just bursting full of joy. But Jane Elizabeth was lonely, so she kept talking to herself about it and repeating, "It's *so lonely* all *alone!*" until she

really made herself believe it; and then, two big glisteny *tears* grew, and grew and *grew*, in the big blue eyes, and presently spilled over and rolled off, falling *plump* into the grass, and then two more came and took their places, and so on and so on, until pretty soon there was a regular shower of tear drops.

"My! how it does rain!" said a sweet little voice in great surprise. "And when we started out there was not a single cloud in sight. That is most ex-tra-or-din-ary, because there *still* isn't a cloud in sight! But it really rains and I *wish* we had an umbrella."

"Do not worry Sister, I'm sure it will not rain very long," said a second voice. "The drops were so big, and that is said to be the sign of a short shower, so I've heard. There is somebody on the door step, I'll ask her what she thinks about it. Oh, hello, little girl on the doorstep," he called, "does it seem to you to be raining?"

"Why of course not," answered Jane Elizabeth, "can't you see that the sun is shining?"

"Oh thank you, then we can come out and get our wings dry," said both voices together, and out from the shelter of the rose bushes that grew by the doorway came two of the very loveliest little beings that Jane Elizabeth had ever seen, and she knew the fairies, so you may judge how beautiful these little creatures were.

"Oh, I am so glad to see you," said Jane Elizabeth, "I *was so* very lonely *all alone!*"

"Yes, we heard you say that you were, just before the shower came," said the largest of the two little people, "but you were not alone, you see, because we were here all the time."

"You are butterfly people, aren't you?" politely asked Jane Elizabeth.

"Yes, indeed, we are butterfly people," said the larger of the two, "I am Prince Tiger Swallow Tail, and this is

my sister, the Princess Tiger Swallow Tail. And we have only just arrived."

"Did you come 'specially to visit me?" asked Jane Elizabeth, and, suddenly remembering her manners, "may I get you anything, a bit of honey or sugar, or perhaps a drink of water?"

"Oh no, thank you," said Prince Tiger Swallow Tail, "the flowers have given us our breakfast, you know; they always have it ready for us whenever we come, bless their kind hearts, and we are now on our way to the Grand Gathering of the Turned Into's."

"The Turned Into's," said Jane Elizabeth. "And *what is that?*"

"Oh, do you not know?" asked Prince Tiger Swallow Tail. "Why, that is when you start out in life quite one sort of thing, and after a while you turn into something very different and scarcely to be believed."

"Oh, yes indeed," said the Princess, slowly waving her gorgeous wings, so that the sun would dry them, "Brother and I were once little bits of eggs on the green leaves of the cherry trees, and then we turned into wiggly little worms, and after we had eaten all the cherry tree leaves that we

wanted we began to get sleepy; so we just spun some little white silk blankets for ourselves, and wrapped up in them and went to sleep. And after we had had a nice long nap we awoke, and found that we had turned into ourselves. Just as you see us, wings and all."

"That's a perfectly fascinating story," said Jane Elizabeth, "and I've often wondered how one got wings. I should love to have some."

"I've noticed that Earth People never do have them," said Prince Tiger Swallow Tail, "but let me ask you something. If you are so lonely and have nothing interesting to do, why not come with us to the party?"

"I'd love to," said the little girl, "and perhaps mother will let me come after she comes home. Where are you having it?"

"Over in the Daisy Starred Meadow by the Still and Silent Pool," answered Prince Tiger Swallow Tail, as both he and his sister, the Princess, spread their lovely wings and flew away—up, up, up, over the house top and far away, like living jewels in the air.

"My!" said Jane Elizabeth, watching them until they just seemed to melt into the air and she could not see them any more, "My! but they are lovely. And how dreadful if my silly shower of tears had spoiled their wings. Just because

I 'magined that I was lonely. Why, I don't believe that I *am* lonely! How could anyone be lonely with such love-elly garden guests. And that 'minds me. I'll work in my garden a while."

So she got her little pruning scissors and went dancing down into the garden, singing a happy little tune.

Then she laughed. "Why, why," said Jane Elizabeth to Jane Elizabeth, "you're not lonely *at all*. You've Turned Into a very happy little girl. You're a Turned Into, that's what!"

THE JUNE BUG TWINS

The bleeding hearts were blossomed out
Like little valentines,
And the baby buds were coming
On the honey-suckle vines;
The pansies and the violets
Smiled up a greeting gay;
"I think," said Jane Elizabeth
"'Twill be a busy day."

JANE ELIZABETH gave the pansies some water, and then all the other flowers thought they needed some, just as one always wants some candy when one sees some other child eating some, (and the honey-suckles had to have some more string to climb on, and that made a trip to the kitchen necessary to beg it from the cook; and then she gave some of the string to the sweet peas because they were growing so fast they could not stand up alone and were beginning to send out their funny little curly feelers for something to cling to; and when all that was finished she remembered that father had told her that the ground around her rosebushes was too much packed down, and really needed to be made looser and some plant food put in to feed the roses.)

Jane Elizabeth laughed a little at the idea that rosebushes could be hungry just like children, but she knew that father

always knew best, and so she got her garden tools and began the work of making the ground softer for the bushes.

She had been digging only a few minutes when something very surprising happened! She heard someone talking! She knew that she was all alone in the garden, but she certainly heard voices. They seemed to come from under the rose bush where she was working. So she listened.

Presently a sweet, husky little voice said in a very excited manner: "Let's go back, Brother! I think there is an earthquake! Let's go back and wait until the world stops rolling around! I do not like it, I tell you, Brother, I certainly do not like it! It's creepy!"

"But we shall be late,' 'objected another sweet, husky little voice, as like the first as two peas in the same pod.

"Better late than never," said the first voice. "Have you not heard that wise saying, Brother?"

"Of course, of course, certainly," answered the second voice, "but you see, never is a very *long* day, as you've *also* heard, and this one is not going to *be* long!"

Jane Elizabeth had stopped digging around the rosebushes, at the very first sound of the sweet, husky little voices, scarcely daring to breathe for fear she might frighten away some interesting garden guest.

Presently, as she looked beneath the rose bush, two lumps of earth at its roots began to tremble, and out struggled two funny little fellows, brushing off their shiny new clothes.

"Am I all right, Brother?" asked the last one out.

"Just a bit of dust on your left shoulder, Twin," answered the little chap. "How about me?"

"Right as can be, except for a wee bit too much powdered earth on your nose," said the first speaker. "And," he continued, "you see there was no earthquake! I wonder, now, what that terrible disturbance of the earth was?"

"I'm afraid that I did that, with my garden rake," said Jane Elizabeth, "but I'm sorry if it frightened you."

Both little fellows looked at her, as though they would never leave off, and then they said, both together like a chorus: "My Word! Not a quake! Goodness Sake! Just a rake!" and then they both laughed at their own joke until they nearly fell over. "An earth child with an earth rake!" Then they laughed some more. Then, looking serious all at once, and remembering that they were in a hurry, they took off their little new black hats and, making a very low and most polite bow, said: "Pardon us, Earth Child, but will you be so very kind as to tell us what time o' the month it is?"

"You mean what time of the day it is?" asked Jane Elizabeth. "About ten o'clock in the morning, I should say."

"We're afraid you do not quite understand," said both little chaps, still in chorus. "The time of day is not very important, what we most par-tic-u-*lar-ly* wish to know is, what time o' the month o' June is it?"

"Oh, if that's what you mean," said Jane Elizabeth, "then it isn't June at all yet, and won't be until the day after tomorrow."

"Ho, Ho!" laughed both little fellows, sitting down on a toadstool that had been left out all night. "Ho, Ho, Ha, Ha!" They laughed so hard that the tears simply rolled down their funny little faces. "That's a joke, that's the best joke ever," they said, both at the same time.

Then they stopped laughing, so suddenly that there was not a bit of laugh left, and looked at each other in dismay.

"Why, why!" they asked each other, "what are we going to *do* about it!"

"About what?" asked Jane Elizabeth, her curiosity getting the better of her politeness.

"About our name to be sure," cried both little fellows. "If this is not the month of June, then we must be May Bugs, and we may not *be* May Bugs because we *must* be June Bugs. All our family were June Bugs. It's puzzling. That's what!"

"Why, yes," agreed Jane Elizabeth, "it must be puzzling."

"It certainly *is* puzzling," chorused the June Bug Twins. "Worst fix we've ever been in since we were little Grubby Worms, and had to dodge English Sparrow. It has to be thought about, Earth Child, it has to be thought about. Please, please, do think about it for us!"

"I am thinking," said Jane Elizabeth, very seriously, "as hard as ever I can. But tell me, were you ever little Grubby Worms, or is that a part of the joke?"

"Believe us," said the June Bug Twins, "it's no joke being a Grubby Worm, with English Sparrows all over everywhere; can't even poke your head out of the ground without one standing ready to gobble you up, and so we had to be *something* before we could turn into ourselves, and a Grubby Worm is as good as any other thing to begin with, isn't it?"

"Why," said Jane Elizabeth, very thoughtfully, "perhaps it may be, but I do not *think* I should like it."

"Well, then, what were *you* before you turned into yourself?" asked both little fellows.

"Oh, I've always been just me, up to now," said Jane Elizabeth, "but they tell me that after awhile I'll turn into a grown-up. But that will be a very long time, because I'm only seven in June."

"June, June, there it is again," sighed both little fellows. "How shall we *ever* introduce ourselves to the Grand Gathering of the Turned Into's?"

"Oh, are you going to the Turned Into's party?" asked Jane Elizabeth, excitedly.

"Of course we are," answered both little chaps, "of course we are, everybody is expected to report at once."

"How do you both know exactly what to answer, always at the same time?" asked Jane Elizabeth, curiously.

"Why shouldn't we?" laughed the little fellows. "There is only one right answer to any question, so why should we bother with wrong ones; and it saves so much time to speak both at the same time."

"And the question is now," they went on, "may we be June Bugs, or must we be May Bugs? You see how much depends on what you tell us!"

"Now, let me see," said Jane Elizabeth. "How long will it take you to reach the Daisy Starred Meadow by the Still and Silent Pool?"

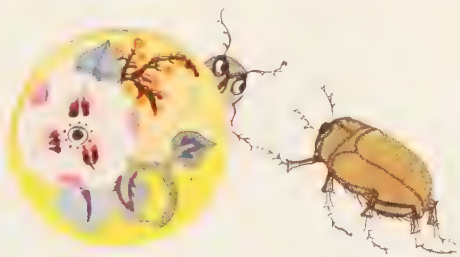
"That all depends," they answered. "If people are kind enough to keep their windows closed, so that we do not have to go in their houses and circle around their lamps, and if the electric lights are not lighted so that we have to chase each other around them, we ought to reach there in two days. We travel in circles, you know—in the best circles—that's how we get 'round."

"If that is a joke," said Jane Elizabeth, "I do not think it is a very good one. And now I'll tell you something. Daddy said this morning that in two days it would be June. So by the time you reach the Daisy Starred Meadow it will be June."

"Why, so it will be," said the June Bug Twins. "Aren't you clever? We're so glad we met you. Well, Goodbye and thank you ever so much." And off they flew, around and around, like two aeroplanes.

Jane Elizabeth watched the June Bug Twins until they were out of sight, and she could not catch a sound of their strong little wings.

"My!" said she, "they were interesting! I hope they will have a lovely time at the Turned Into's party."



THE KATY-DIDS

The nice warm sun was shining
On the waving fields of wheat,
Ripening the lovely golden grain
For little folks to eat;
The robin had some gladsome news
For all who passed that way;
"Cheer up, cheer up," he gaily called,
"My Children fly today."

ALTHOUGH Jane Elizabeth had a new book and wished very much to read it, having brought it into the garden with her, she had not been able to read much.

The young robins had been so very funny, half flying and half hopping about, and Mother Robin had been so very anxious for them to do every little movement of the wings just right, and had made so much noise telling them how to fly, that it was much more interesting than a book, no matter how new it was.

Then, after the lesson, the baby robins were hungry, so the mother made them stand in a row in the corner of the fence while she brought worms and bugs for them to eat, and Father Robin came and helped feed them; and after they were all filled up the father and mother made them all go back to the nest again, and there was once more quiet in the garden.

Jane Elizabeth took up her book again, and was just

becoming interested when she heard a little voice say: "Thank Goodness, they've gone at last; the robins have all gone back to their nests; hurry now, Katy, and get your dress changed, so we can all go home to dinner."

"Katy-Did, Katy-Did," called another sweet little voice. "Katy-Did change her dress, Katy-Did!"

"Oh, Katy-Did, did she?" laughed the first voice. "Well, then, Katy dear, you won't need that little dress any more, so just throw it away and come along."

Then what *do you* think happened? Right down in Jane Elizabeth's lap dropped the *dearest* little dress, sheer as a spider's web, and made of the daintiest lace imaginable.

"Why, it might be a fairy dress," said Jane Elizabeth. "I wish I could find out who dropped it, and to whom it belongs."

She felt sure that the voices had come from a clump of tall lilac bushes that grew just back of her seat, so she got up on her knees and peered up into the branches. Sure enough, there was a merry faced little fellow peering back at her from the branches. She did not know him so she asked his name.

"Why," answered the little chap, "everybody knows us, we tell our name every time we speak, so they should know. Where have you been all the time that you don't know the Katy-Dids?"

"I have always lived in the city until this summer," said Jane Elizabeth, "and so I have not met many of the garden folk; but tell me, did your sister mean to give me this lovely little dress, or did she accidentally drop it in my lap?"

"Oh, that old dress," said the little fellow, "you are perfectly welcome to that if you want it, although it is not a bit of good now, and I can't see why you should want it; my sister won't need it any more, she has a new one. It would be of no use to her anyway; she grows so fast that although she only took this off a few minutes ago, she could not even get it on now.

"That's the way Mother Nature planned it for us; I've had three coats of my own before this one, and I notice this one is very tight and uncomfortable; will you please excuse me while I remove it? I've just exactly time before dinner."

Jane Elizabeth watched the little fellow, while he removed the coat and as soon as it was off ate it in a very business-like manner.

Jane Elizabeth was horrified.

"Why did you do that?" she asked.

"It's always done in our family," said young Katy-Did. "That is the last coat I shall get, and it is polite to eat the last one always; keeps things tidy about the place; the little tads, of course, do not know how to be neat and tidy, but the older one grows the more sense one gets, naturally; but excuse me, please. If Father and Mother Robin and those fat youngsters have gone I must take the children back home to dinner."

"What has robin got to do with you and your brothers and sisters going home to dinner?" asked Jane Elizabeth.

"Well, Jane Elizabeth," said Katy-Did, "you heard him, didn't you?—sitting in our cherry tree boasting about his children learning to fly.

"What else were their wings for? Of course they would learn to fly, and I should suppose you would know that I could not let my little brothers and sisters stay there to be gobbled up by those young robins, who never know when they have enough to eat. That's why I brought them over here on the lilac bushes until the young robins have gone to bed again."

"What do you have for dinner?" asked Jane Elizabeth, laughing at his earnest manner.

"Cherry tree leaves," answered Katy-Did, "and they are nice and sweet and juicy just now. Come on, children!" he called. "The robins have finished their aviation practice for today."

Such a scramble as there was then! It seemed to Jane

Elizabeth that there was a whole regiment of the little green-coated folk; and how they *could* jump; farther than Grandfather Frog or any of the young froggies.

Big Brother Katy-Did used his lovely wings, but the little ones mostly just jumped, because their wings were not very big as yet.

They had all skipped nimbly over to the cherry tree in about two hops, and were soon out of sight among its branches.

"Now I'd certainly believe," said Jane Elizabeth, "that I had dreamed all that about the Katy-Dids, if they had not given me this dear little dress. I have just found out that I'm hungry too, and I'm glad that Daddy is coming."

Just as they were finishing dinner, and Jane Elizabeth was climbing up in Daddy's lap for her evening chat, there came from the garden a shrill little voice, saying: "Katy-Did, Katy-Did, she did, she *did!*"

And then there was a second little shrill voice that declared: "Katy Didn't, Katy Didn't," and again the first voice that insisted that *Katy Did!*

Jane Elizabeth laughed and snuggled down on Daddy's shoulder.

"I wonder if little sister Katy-Did spilled something on her new green dress at dinner, and is being scolded for it?" she thought to herself, but she did not say so. She did not like to be called 'maginative!

But Grandmother, who was visiting them, said: "It is truly summer time now. The Katy-Dids are here, bless their noisy little hearts."

HUMMING BIRD MOTH

The Morning Glory said "Good night,"
And closed her sleepy eyes;
And the Moon Flower's eyes popped open wide
To see the new moon rise;
The Holly Hocks, all dressed in pink,
Curtsied, and made their bow,
And Jane Elizabeth heard them say:
"Supper's all ready now!"

JANE ELIZABETH laughed! "Why, of course it is, you pretty, ruffly things," said she. "That's why I'm out here looking for my Daddy, and hoping that he will come very soon, because I'm *so* hungry, and it's very late for him."

Just then came *something*, silently and swiftly flying through the air, around the corner of the house, and so near to Jane Elizabeth that its wings almost touched her face. Jane Elizabeth jumped and said "Oh!" She thought it was a bat, and while she was not afraid of bats she did not like to have one fly in her face. They had looked so scratchy, whenever she *had* seen one.

Past the rose bushes went the winged creature, past the newly-opened Moon Flower, past the lovely, just unfolding blossoms of the Nicotiana, until it came to where the Holly Hocks were waiting in their lovely pink dresses, where, never still an instant, it hovered first over one flower cup and then over another.

"No wonder the Holly Hocks like to get supper for so lovely a visitor," said Jane Elizabeth. "I wonder who it is! I have never before seen anyone with wings half so beautiful. No one but a queen could ever have such a lovely grey gown, nor such a beau-ti-ful black and yellow cloak! Oh! *How I do wish* she would come and speak to me!"

The Wish Fairies must have been in the garden, and they must have loved Jane Elizabeth very much, for just then the lovely creature finished her supper and flew over to the Moon Flower vine, which grew against the porch, to rest.

She noticed Jane Elizabeth immediately, and said, very kindly: "That's a very pretty little frock that you have on, Little Girl!"

"What, this simple little white slip?" asked Jane Elizabeth. "I wear it because Mother likes to have me wear white things that will wash, but of course if I could choose, I would wear be-au-ti-ful things like yours."

"Why, my dear," laughed the lovely queen person, "I wear mine for exactly the same reason that you wear yours; because my Mother Nature chose it for me. But I like them just as well as if I had chosen them myself. They are pretty, don't you think?"

"Very, very pretty," said Jane Elizabeth. "They look wonderfully like Hummingbird's clothes, at a little distance. I do not remember having seen you around here before; would you please tell me your name?"

"I never come here until evening," said the queen person. "I suppose I must look like Humming Bird, because people call me Humming Bird Moth, though my real name is Hawk-Moth. I'm one of the Turned Into's, you know."

"My, how int'resting!" cried Jane Elizabeth. "Will you please tell me who you were, and where you lived before you turned into your perfectly 'xquisite self?"

"Well, it's a wonder that I'm *here* to tell you," said the lovely queen person, "that gardener of yours dislikes me so much. He is always trying his best to drive me away, and

keeps putting horrid stuff where he thinks I'll have to eat it. I got a teency bite of it one time and, believe me, it nearly finished me."

"What was it, and where were you then, and why does our gardener dislike you so much?" asked Jane Elizabeth.

"I suppose because I eat his tomatoes," said the queen person. "I happened to be born on his plants you see. I used to be what they call the Tomato Worm," she said very simply.

"Were you once a *worm?*" asked Jane Elizabeth, in surprise. "I never could have believed it, if you had not told me so yourself! How *could* such a lovely creature as you are ever have been a wiggly green worm? How *could* a worm have turned into such a *lovely* creature as you are!"

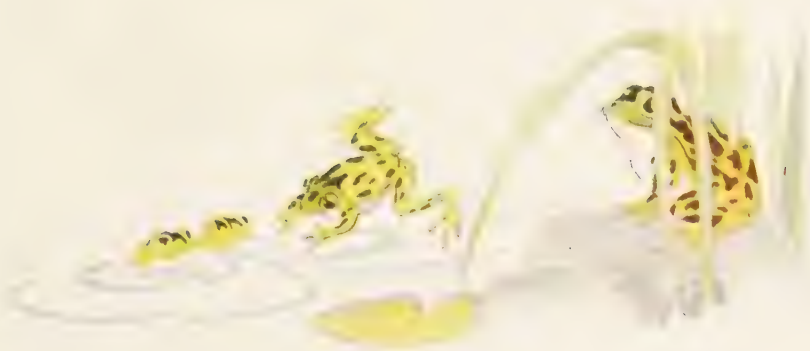
"Why, that's easy as anything," replied the queen person. "The worm *always* turns, you know, and all I had to do was to eat what tomato plant leaves I could while the gardener's back was turned—I do believe he would be happy if he could see me starve—and then crawl down in Mother Earth's soft warm bed and sleep all winter; and when I woke up I was dressed just as you see me now. There's nothing wonderful about it. Mother Nature took care of me just as your mother takes care of you. Mothers always take care of their children."

"Yes, I know they do; isn't it lovely and comforting to think about?" said Jane Elizabeth. "And here comes my Daddy to supper at last."

"Good night, then," said the Humming Bird Moth, as she spread her lovely wings and sailed away into the twilight.

"Daddy Dear, aren't wings int'resting, *most* int'resting?" said Jane Elizabeth.

"Fly upon my shoulder, Lady Bug," said Daddy, giving the little girl a boost and a swing up in the air, "and I will give you a ride into the house. It's time that Lady Bugs were in their nests."



THE BABY FROGGIES

The portulacas didn't wake,
They didn't even peep!
And the drowsy pansies murmured
"It's a splendid day to sleep."
The sun laughed out a moment
But the clouds came back again;
"O dear!" sighed Jane Elizabeth
"I know it's going to rain!"

"AND I *was* going down in the marsh for some blue Flag Lilies, and *now* with the rain coming, I suppose I can not even think of going; and there are so few flowers just now that I really need the lilies to put in the rooms.

" 'Spose I'll have to stay indoors and sew or something; and I don't like rainy days, so there!"

Two big tears gathered in the blue eyes, and swam about, making the world all blurry and misty for a minute, and then they dropped, right in the face of a big yellow pansy! He was snuggling down against the warm, wet earth, waiting for the shower he knew was coming later, and as the little shower of tears fell on him he looked up and smiled. Jane Elizabeth was almost sure she heard him say: "Dear me! Tears again! I wouldn't have believed it! Now if *I* were a big girl, seven years old, and had a raincoat and some rubbers, I know what fun *I* could have on a rainy day!"

Jane Elizabeth laughed and the tears disappeared, just as the dew on the lawn does when the sun comes out.

"Now I wonder," she said to herself, "did the big yellow pansy say that or did I 'magine it? Mother says that I'm getting to be very 'maginative. Anyway it's a splendid idea, and I'll go and get those Flag Lilies. What's a little rain?"

And away she skipped, to return in a few minutes with a basket on her arm to bring the lilies home in. It was still dark and misty, but that made no difference to Jane Elizabeth, because the sun was once more shining in her heart.

The Flag Lilies were blooming all along the edge of the marsh, all blue and gold and silver, and Jane Elizabeth in reaching for one big beauty, lost her balance and stepped right into a deep pool of water.

"I beg your pardon," said a deep voice that sounded very familiar; "would you mind not coming into my dressing room? My children are just getting into their new suits."

"Oh please, I beg *your* pardon," said Jane Elizabeth in her very politest manner. "I did not see your dressing room, and I would not for the world 'ntrude on you. And I don't see it yet," she said to herself. "I wonder who lives here? Last week when I was down here for lilies the only things I saw were a lot of baby tadpoles wiggling around in the pool. They're not here now! Wonder where they can have gone?"

"They—haven't—gone, they—haven't gone," answered the deep voice. "They're just going—if they ever get their new suits on—going—going—gone—" he sang in a splendid bass voice. Jane Elizabeth laughed.

She knew him as soon as she heard him sing. "Oh, you are Mr. Frog, aren't you?" she exclaimed delightedly.

"Mr. B. Frog, at your service," answered the voice. "Please let me make you welcome to our marsh."

"Thank you very much, Mr. B. Frog," said Jane Elizabeth. "It's no wonder that I did not see you, because you are just the color of the marsh. But *where* are your children?"

"They're just inside," said Mr. B. Frog, pointing to a little clump of cat tails. "They'll be out in a minute. I'm a bit anxious to see them myself. But here they come; good-looking, aren't they?"

Jane Elizabeth looked, per-fect-ly fas-cin-a-ted! First came Mrs. Frog, wearing a pretty brown and white dress with green trimmings, and trooping after came a whole family of baby Froggies, each one in a shining new green dress, just the color of the lily pads in the pool.

"Now," said Mr. B. Frog, "let's see what you youngsters know about swimming and diving." Then a regular game began. "One, two, three, one-two-three," said Mr. B. Frog, and every baby Frog jumped into the pool, and swam to shore.

"I guess you'll do," said their father, "and now, are you chappies all right and ready to start?"

"All right all right!" piped up all the baby Froggies.

"We have quite a trip before us," explained Mr. Frog to Jane Elizabeth, "and I am glad of the rain, because it is easier leaping when the grass is wet. We are on our way to the Grand Gathering Of The Turned Into's."

"Good luck 'n Goodbye, Good luck 'n Goodbye," sang all the baby Froggies, as they went leaping out of sight. "Good luck 'n Goodbye!" called Mr. B. Frog in his deep bass voice.

Jane Elizabeth finished picking the lilies.

"I wonder now," she said to herself, "how those Froggies can belong to the Turned Into's. They have no wings, and they're certainly not going to get any." Then she remembered something. "Why, of course," said she, with a little laugh, "those baby Froggies used to be the little tad-poles that I saw in the pool."

Then she ran home with her basket full of lilies and gave them to mother.

She was all covered with softly falling rain.

"What *is* this?" said Mother, as she thanked her for the lilies, "a rain fairy or a rosebud all covered with dew?"

Jane Elizabeth was not a teency bit surprised. So many interesting things were all the time happening in her garden—but she was very much interested, and eagerly looked around to find out who was speaking.

"Here we are, here we are, over on this side," called another voice very like the first, and sure enough, just above her head, on the spray of honey-suckle that she had been about to snip off, Jane Elizabeth saw two wonderful creatures in sapphire satin clothes, slowly unfolding their gauzy, lacy wings in the sunshine. In a flash she knew who they were.

"Oh, I *am* glad to see you," she cried. "You are Dragon Flies, aren't you? Please stay as long as you like, for I would not for the whole world harm you. I used to see you very often when I was visiting at Grandfather's camp in the Pine woods, but you have never been here before."

"Yes," said the one who had first spoken, "we are the Prince and Princess Dragon Fly, and the reason our people do not like to live around here is because you have no real water. My sister and myself have been living in that little Marsh down the road. Not a proper place for us at all, and we are very glad to leave it; scarcely water enough to cover us and not much in the way of food, no fish, and only a tadpole once in a while; it's a wonder that we grew at all!"

"If you lived under water," said Jane Elizabeth, "it is no wonder that you could not keep your wings dry. I am only surprised that they are not all spoiled."

"Why, bless you," laughed Prince Dragon Fly, "we only got our wings this morning, and if you had happened to have seen us before we got them you would not have liked us at all, we were so ugly; but we didn't mind being ugly a bit; we knew that we had to be little water Dragons before we could grow big enough to turn into our real selves, so we just took whatever dinner came along and made the best of it. But when our wings were ready we just split our shells down the back and crawled out of them, leaving them for the junk man,

and here we are, not a day late. Pretty good looking wings, aren't they?" he asked, waving them in the air.

"They are truly beautiful," said Jane Elizabeth, "and I am so much int'rested in *wings!* and now that they are quite dry what shall you do?"

"We shall stay in your garden long enough to get our dinner, if you don't mind," said Prince Dragon Fly. "We see some nice juicy mosquitoes flying around that I'm sure you do not wish to keep, and after that we wish to take a few trial trips to see that our wings are in good working order, and then, of course, we are going over to the Daisy-Starred Meadow by the Still and Silent Pool, to the Grand Gathering Of The Turned-Into's."

"You are perfectly welcome to stay in my garden as long as you like," said Jane Elizabeth, "but I must gather my flowers, because it is my mother's birthday, and the flowers are for a surprise for her."

So she went on, clipping a flower here, and a flower there, until her basket was full; she was just starting for the house when something bright and sparkling circled around her head, and two laughing little voices called: "Goodbye, little Garden Girl, and thank you for helping us!" Then up, up, up, went the Prince and Princess Dragon Fly, over the house-top, through the trees, and away out of sight.

"Lovely little things," murmured Jane Elizabeth. "Wings must be *such* a help!"

JACK HORNET, THE PAPER MAKER

The clover blooms were nodding
A welcome to the bees,
And the baby cones were laughing on
The little Christmas trees;
The poplar leaves were dancing
Like fairies in the sun;
"Oh My!" laughed Jane Elizabeth,
"I do so love to run!"

"MAY-BE so, may-be so," boomed a big voice near her. Jane Elizabeth started back in alarm. "May-be so, may-be so," went on the voice, "but is that any *good* reason why you should spoil my breakfast?"

"Why, why," gasped Jane Elizabeth, the laugh all gone out of her voice, "why, who are you, and *where* are you? I wouldn't spoil your breakfast nor harm you in any way; you ought to *know* that, just to look at me!"

"Well, you have spoiled it; you've gone and stepped on the biggest and brightest red clover blossom in the whole field, and bent it down and flattened it out, and now I can't get at the honey in it. And every other blossom is taken!" droned the big, boomy voice.

"Oh, Bumble Bee, you lazy old thing, stop your fussing," said another voice, finer, but not so soft, "and go about your business. Don't bother people who have real work to do."

Bumble Bee grumbled a little more, but flew away while Jane Elizabeth wondered who the sharp-tempered person could be who had seemed to have so little patience with him. Presently she heard someone call: "Look over here on the old rail fence; here I am!"

Jane Elizabeth looked in the direction that the voice came from, but there was no one in sight except Mr. Jack Hornet in his gay black and yellow suit, sitting high up on a fence post, while around him buzzed a lot of workers in the same kind of clothes.

Jane Elizabeth was a little, just a little teency bit afraid. She remembered things about the Hornets. Jack Hornet noticed it and knew in a minute just where the trouble lay.

"You need not be afraid of us, little girl," he said laughingly. "Bless you, we never would hurt you!"

"But one of your family did hurt Nora, the Cook, one day last week," said Jane Elizabeth. "She came right into our kitchen and stung Nora dr-eadfully on the hand and it all swelled up, and I had to wash the dishes for her."

"Yes, I heard about that," said Jack Hornet, "but it was not our worker's fault. She went into the room to get some nice juicy flies that she wanted to feed the baby with, and when Nora, the Cook, went to drive her out she became very much frightened and tried to defend herself. We never sting unless we think we are obliged to. But what are you doing this bright day, Little Girl?"

"My name is Jane Elizabeth," answered the little girl, "and I am on my way to the Grand Gathering Of The Turned Into's, to see some friends of mine."

"Well, well," buzzed Jack Hornet, "I had meant to go over there today, but someone tore a corner off my house and I have to get it mended; might rain, you know."

"Oh, please, Mr. Jack Hornet, will you show me your house and may I watch you mend it?" begged Jane Elizabeth. "I can go to the Daisy Starred Meadow some other morning."

"Why, of course, of course," buzzed Jack Hornet, "wonder is to me that you have not seen it before, right here near the fence; come along with me."

So Jane Elizabeth followed where Jack Hornet led, and there, hanging on a branch of a small hemlock tree was the funniest house made of soft looking gray paper.

"It looks like a Japanese lantern," said Jane Elizabeth.

The workers were busily mending the broken place.

"They are doing well," said Jack Hornet. "It's almost as good as new; would you like to take a peep at the family?"

Jane Elizabeth hesitated. "Come on up," said Jack Hornet, so she climbed up on the fence and peeped in through the door in the side of the nest. It was all divided off into little round rooms, and in each room was a wiggling little baby thing.

"Are those your babies?" she asked in surprise. "Why, they have no wings!"

"Not yet," said Jack Hornet, "they're just little grubs yet, but presently they will turn into lively little hornets."

"Why, dear me," said Jane Elizabeth, "are you people Turned Into's? I never even thought of that! Thank you so much for letting me see your house, and now if it isn't a secret, will you please tell me what you build your house with?"

"Why," laughed Jack Hornet, "it is no secret. We build them of paper. Didn't you see the workers biting the soft fuzzy parts off the old rail fence?"

"You see," he went on, "we mix that into a paste in our mouths, and that makes a wood pulp from which we make our houses. Nothing easier."

"Well, for Goodness Sake!" said Jane Elizabeth. "That is the most interesting thing I've *ever* heard. I thank you very, very much, and I must go home now; so Goodbye, and I hope your house won't leak."

That night Jane Elizabeth told Daddy all about it, asking him if he didn't think it was very clever of Jack Hornet to build a house of paper that he made all himself.

LITTLE MR. FIRE-FLY!

The gentle summer breezes
Through the open window flew,
And the stars like meadow daisies
Were blossoming in the blue;
The Sand-man had so much to do—
He was a wee bit late.
"Goody!" said Jane Elizabeth,
It's so much fun to wait.

WHILE she waited for the Sand-man Jane Elizabeth amused herself by looking at the stars.

"They look exactly like silver daisies in a blue meadow," she said to herself. "I *wish* somebody up there would pick one and send it down to me; I could use it for a light in my room; lots prettier than a candle or 'lectric light."

The pretty little thought had hardly passed through her mind, when flash! went a streak of light through the soft dark of the room, stopping on the screen in the window, where it continued to flash exactly like a little electric flash light.

"My!" said Jane Elizabeth, really almost half frightened at what seemed to be a real answer to her wish for a star. "My, I wonder if somebody heard me ask for it, and it really *is?*"

"Yes, it really is," said a little voice, rather a cross little voice too, and very impatient; "it really *is I*, and if you care to know, I am in a very great hurry. I *wish* that you would *kindly* show me the way out!"

"Why, certainly, of course I'll show you the way out," said Jane Elizabeth; "I'll let you out whenever you wish to go—but *why* did you come in if you would rather not—and won't you please tell me who you are?"

"Since you seem so friendly and polite," said the tiny voice, "that makes all the difference in the world. I am a Fire-Fly. I have the very first electric light that ever was invented. Some people call me Glow-Worm, but I do not care for the name. I am not a worm. I used to be a worm, but I did not glow then. And I am on my way to the Daisy-Starred Meadow, where the Turned Into's are having a dance tonight. I attend to the lighting, you see, and I have to be there to see that my people do their work properly.

"And as to how and why I came here," he went on, "how was I to know that I was flying into a trap? The door was wide open! Most people put up screens so that we need not make such awkward mistakes; looked just like outdoors," grumbled the impatient little creature.

"We have screens," said Jane Elizabeth, "and the door must have been left open by accident. I'm very sorry."

"I'm sorry too, if I've been rude," said the little fellow, flashing his tiny light, "but you cannot imagine how dreadful it is to get into peoples' houses by mistake, and to have them drive you out with brooms or anything they can find. My brother had his right wing broken the other day, just that way; and, of *course*, when I saw that I was in a *house* I was frightened—and I guess you would have been, in my place."

"I'm very sure that I should," said Jane Elizabeth, "and I think you are very brave indeed—but any of the out-of-door people will tell you that you have nothing to fear from me; I love them every one, 'cepting mosquitoes and *flies;* I mean house flies, of course—the ones we really screen against."

"Well, I'm not a fly; I'm a beetle, really," said the little chap flashing his pretty light.

"Won't you please tell me something about yourself before

you go?" asked Jane Elizabeth. "This is my first summer in the country, and I'm not very well acquainted yet."

"Nothing much to tell about me," said Fire-Fly modestly. "I hatched out, with my brothers and sisters, under a rock in the Daisy Starred Meadow, and lived there until we all turned into ourselves; then we all came out; we get our food at night, a sip of honey here, and a sip of honey there, while the bees are asleep. And we are useful to you, too, because we eat the weevils that spoil your plum trees. That's why we were given our electric lights; they come so handy on dark nights!"

"Those last words that you said sounded *almost* like poetry," said Jane Elizabeth, "and I think you are perfectly wonderful! But do you never come out in the day time?"

"Oh yes, I do," said Fire-Fly, "but you would not know me from any other little black bug if you should meet me; no use in wasting electric lights in the day time, you know—but really, young lady, I must be going—and I hear the Sand-man coming, and I know that if you do not let me out *now* that I shall have to stay in this room all night!"

Jane Elizabeth jumped out of bed and threw the screen wide open. The little electric light person opened his wings, called back a cheery "Good night," and flew away, away, like a little shooting star, straight to the Daisy-Starred Meadow, where hundreds of his people were making the night beautiful.

Jane Elizabeth hopped back into bed! She was just in time! For the Sand-man was there!

LADY LUNA MOTH

The star-flowers all were blooming
In the meadows of the sky
And the little June-time breezes
Went flitting lightly by;
"It's rather lonely waking in
The middle of the night,"
Said Jane Elizabeth, "I think
I'll just snap on the light."

"OH, PLEASE, little girl," cried a sweet little voice in great alarm, "please, I beg of you do not turn on the light."

Jane Elizabeth sat up in bed, wondering where the voice could have come from. Listening, she heard a soft flapping of wings, which seemed to come from the direction of the window where the honeysuckle grew. Wings were always int'resting, but in the middle of the night much more so.

"Who *are* you?" asked Jane Elizabeth softly, "and how do you come to be in my room in the middle of the night? And *why* shouldn't I turn on the light?"

"That's a lot of questions to answer all at once," laughed the little voice. "In the first place, it is not the middle of the night, it is exactly nine o'clock; you think it is late because you've been asleep and awakened, and I am the Lady Luna Moth, and I've just come awake after a much longer sleep

than you have had, and I'm in your house and I do not wish to be in your house."

"Why did you *come* in then?" asked Jane Elizabeth.

"There was a light," said Lady Luna Moth, "and I just had to follow it—and some one left the door open."

"Why do you have to follow a light?" asked Jane Elizabeth. "I've noticed that all moths do—it seems very foolish."

"I don't know," said Lady Luna Moth, "I can not seem to help myself. It isn't my fault, I was just made that way."

"You should try to overcome it," said Jane Elizabeth, "if it gets you into trouble."

"I would if I could," said Lady Luna Moth, "but people should not have lights; it only spoils the big beautiful moon-lighted night-time. And I hope," she went on, "that you will not have one now, because I should fly right into it, I'm sure, and bruise my lovely wings, and I wish very much to keep them nice for the party."

"Oh," said Jane Elizabeth, "are you going to a party?" "Why, surely," said Lady Luna Moth. "The Turned Into's are giving a very special party for me and my brothers and sisters tonight, over in the Daisy Starred Meadow by the Still and Silent Pool. Isn't my party dress a dream?"

Jane Elizabeth got out of bed and tiptoed softly over to the window, where the Lady Luna Moth was swaying daintily on the dotted swiss curtain, in the bright moonlight.

"Lovely!" said she. "Where *did* you get that beautiful pale green gown, and the purple trimmings, and the gauzy white spangly under-dress? And your wings with the yellow edges on them!"

"Yes, and look at my train," said Lady Luna, turning slowly around so that Jane Elizabeth could see the two long shining tails. "It surely is a hardship not to be at the party when Mother Nature has given me such a lovely dress to wear; I could *almost* weep!"

"Cheer up, Lady Luna!" said Jane Elizabeth, "don't be

sad! You shall go to the party. I'll open the window for you myself in a minute, if you will tell me something about yourself."

Lady Luna laughed. "I've lived all my life right here in your yard."

"That does not seem possible," said Jane Elizabeth. "I should have seen you, I'm sure."

"I've only had these clothes a few hours," said Lady Luna, "and you would never know I was the same person, they change me so. I've changed my dress five times in all, and each time Mother Nature gave me a prettier one. I've always been beautiful," said she, preening her lovely wings.

"Mother says it's very silly to be vain of good looks or pretty things to wear," said Jane Elizabeth.

"I'm not vain," said Lady Luna Moth, "but I'm very apprec'tive. Don't you love pretty colors and things?"

" 'Deed I do," said Jane Elizabeth, "and I think that both you and your clothes are lovely."

Then she remembered that Lady Luna Moth was her visitor, and that guests must be made comfortable.

"May I offer you some 'freshments?" she asked. "I could bring you a drop or two of nice fresh honey."

"Oh, thank you, Child," said Lady Luna Moth, "but I'm not the least bit hungry. And now, would you please be so kind as to open the window for me? I've enjoyed my visit, but I simply *must* go."

Next morning at breakfast, she asked Big Sister, who was in Grammar School and knew *every* thing, if she had ever seen Lady Luna Moth.

"Yes indeed," said Big Sister, "Luna is a beauty. She only lives a few days after she leaves the chrysalis, and as she only comes out at night I'm afraid you'll have to wait a few years before *you* can see her, Youngster."

"No wonder she was in a hurry to go to the party," said Jane Elizabeth, smiling to herself.

LADY BUG AND HER CHILDREN

It was the nicest birthday
There could be in all the world;
The roses thought so, too, because
Their lovely buds uncurled;
The robin sang his sweetest song
In honor of the day,
And the little garden children called
"Oh, do come out to play!"

"I'LL go out and cut some of my lovely old-fashioned roses for a birthday present for Mother," said Jane Elizabeth.

Big Sister, who was just putting on her hat and gloves to go to town, laughed and said: "But it isn't Mother's birthday, Jane Elizabeth, dear, it is *your* birthday!"

"I know it's my birthday," said the little girl, "and that's why I'm so happy that I want to give somebody something; and Mother just *adores* roses!"

Jane Elizabeth looked something very like a rose herself that morning in her new little pink gown.

Daddy had said so when he gave her a kiss for each year and one to grow on, and Mother had said so when she gave her the new pink frock, and Nurse had said so when she put the new dress on her; and Big Sister had said that she looked so sweet that the bees would prob'bly eat her and think she

was honey; Baby Brother had not said so, but he clutched his chubby hands in her braids and looked the love that he couldn't yet speak, and it was altogether the nicest birthday Jane Elizabeth had ever had. No wonder she was so happy that she wanted to give somebody something.

Out in the garden the roses were just coming into bloom. There were some pale pink ones that Grandmother called "blush roses," and some tiny old-fashioned yellow ones not bigger than a primrose bloom, and against the porch wall were Crimson Ramblers, with gorgeous, deep-colored clusters.

Jane Elizabeth thought she must take Mother some of those for the center of the lunch table, but try as she would she could not reach them.

"That's *most* e'zasperating," she said. "I wish I had a ladder!"

"You don't need a ladder," said a gay little voice; "climb up here where I am. The trellis will hold you as far as this; it is plenty strong enough.

Jane Elizabeth looked for the owner of the voice, but she could not see anyone. "Here I am, here I am, up here on the porch railing," said the little voice. "Surely you know Lady Bug, Jane Elizabeth."

"Why, Lady Bug," said Jane Elizabeth, "course I know you, but I did not see you. You are so tiny. What are you doing up there with all those tots of Lady Bugs around you? Having a party?"

"Why these are my children," said Lady Bug. "There are so many of us that we do look like a party, I know. But I got so tired of having every one tell me that old story about 'Lady Bug, Lady Bug fly away home, your house is on fire and your children will burn' that I made up my mind that I would always take them with me, everywhere, and save myself all that worry. Aren't they pretty children?"

"Indeed they are," said Jane Elizabeth, "but how do you manage to feed so many and keep them all looking so nicely?"

"Why, bless you," laughed Lady Bug, "they feed themselves; and Mother Nature dresses them, so they're no trouble *at all* to me; and they're *so* jolly and *such* good company. I wouldn't lose one of them for the world!"

"They're all big enough to help, and it's our busy season right now. There is more than work enough for us all," she explained.

"Why you dear little bit of a Lady Bug," said Jane Elizabeth, "what in the world can there be for you to do that is so important?"

"Fond of roses, aren't you?" asked Lady Bug, a little sharply. "'Deed I am," said Jane Elizabeth. "They're the very loveliest things in all the world! Mother thinks so too, and I'm cutting these for her."

"Well, let me tell you something," said Lady Bug. "You would not have many roses if we did not catch the little green bugs called aphids that live on the rose bushes and spoil the blooms."

"You s'prise me," said Jane Elizabeth. "Who makes you do it?" "Nobody," said Lady Bug, "we do it ourselves."

"But why?" persisted Jane Elizabeth. "Is it because you love the roses so much?"

"Partly," said Lady Bug, "but mostly because we need the aphids for food. We're just like other people, we must have food, and the aphids are good for nothing else that I've ever heard of, the little mischiefs!"

"Do you and your children live in my garden all the time, or are you just paying me a birthday visit?" asked Jane Elizabeth.

"We live here," said Lady Bug. "This Crimson Rambler is our home. I see you every day, but I'm so tiny that you've prob'ly never noticed me before."

"But I have noticed you, Lady Bug," said Jane Elizabeth, "and I've always admired your pretty polka-dotted dress very much."

"It's neat and wears well," said the little creature, "but *your* dress is lovely."

"Mother gave it to me for my birthday," said Jane Elizabeth. "It is so pretty that it makes me feel just like a Turned Into."

"You look like one," said Lady Bug. "I had meant to go to the Turned Into's party this summer, myself," she went on, "but it's such a task to take so many children, and it's such a long way to fly there and back that I've given it up."

"It would be hard on your dainty wings," said Jane Elizabeth. "I have always thought your wings are 'specially pretty; wings are adorable, anyway, aren't they?"

"They're a help," said Lady Bug. "But come on now, children! Say Good bye to Jane Elizabeth, and wish her a happy birthday, because we must go to work."

Like little rosy clouds every one of those Lady Bug children flew away with their mother, all calling back: "Happy Birthday, Happy Birthday!"

"If my birthday were any happier," said Jane Elizabeth, "I would not know where to keep the happiness. I'm full and running over now. But I must put my roses in water for Mother now, and I'll never forget that Lady Bug helped me to have them!"

TRAP-DOOR SPIDER

The day was hot as hot could be!
Too hot to run or swing,
Too hot to do the garden work
Too hot to do a thing;
There was not a soul to talk with
And no pleasant place to go;
"I think," said Jane Elizabeth,
'Twill be good good fun to sew."

SO she ran into the house and brought out her little sewing basket with the red lining which mother had given her for her birthday, and decided that she would make "Marg'ret," her middle-sized doll, a dress. Marg'ret really needed it; there were so many things to be done in the country, besides sewing, that it was no wonder her precious children were "neg-a-lected," so she told herself as she settled down in the garden bench and threaded her needle.

She was as far as putting the sleeves in a little pink blouse—and you know about sleeves, they have to be put in "just *so*," as Tom Sawyer said about whitewashing his fence—when she heard a small voice call: "Help! help!" The cry came from very near the bench, but she could not just locate it. So she waited until it came again. "Help, *help!*" Down went the little pink blouse, and out of the bench sprang Jane Elizabeth, following the frightened little voice.

She had not far to go, for not ten feet from the bench, in

the hard packed path, she found little Sister Katy-Did struggling with a big old spider who was doing his best to pull her through a hole in the ground.

Jane Elizabeth rescued the poor little thing, who half hopped and half flew back home, and then she returned to see just what sort of spider it was who was willing to be so cruel.

Imagine her surprise to see *no* spider and *no* hole in the ground!

"Surely I did not dream that," said Jane Elizabeth to Jane Elizabeth, "but if I did not, where did that wicked old spider go, and why is there no hole in the ground?" It was very puzzling!

"There *was* a hole and there *was* a spider," she said as she went back to her sewing, "but there isn't any now. Perhaps he did as Mary, the Cook, is always saying; perhaps he went in his hole and pulled the hole in after him; I hope little sister Katy-Did was not badly hurt," she added, as she once more settled herself to work.

It was very still in the garden except for the noise of the Katy-Did family, who were all talking at once about little Sister's fright, when Jane Elizabeth heard the tiniest noise in the world, like the creaking of a door, only *millions* of times smaller.

She looked up quickly, and was just in time to see something *almost* not to be believed!

A tiny bit of earth was moving in the hard packed path. It moved very cautiously, at first, and then as no one seemed to be near, it opened wide; then Jane Elizabeth saw that it was a real little trap-door that opened and shut like Grandfather's cellar door on the farm.

As the door came wide open, a head was poked out, and presently a little humped up old spider person came out with a jump, and sat by the door, looking like an old miser.

"Don't come out, Mother," he called back. "You never can tell who may be about; I only *hope* that Garden Girl has

gone back into her house where she belongs. She lost us our dinner, and I certainly do not like her!"

That was something new for Jane Elizabeth, because all her Garden Guests *did* like her, and so did everybody else. So she said to the Spider Person: "I know why you do not like me. It's because you tried to harm my poor little Sister Katy-Did, and I made you stop."

"I was only getting my dinner," said the Spider Person, "and why do you call her *your* Katy-Did?"

"Because she lives in my garden, and I like her," answered Jane Elizabeth.

"I also live in your garden," said the Spider Person, "but you do not call *me* your spider!"

"Most probably I'd call you *my* spider, if you would be good, and not harm my friends," said Jane Elizabeth. "Why do you not eat the house flies? There are plenty of them, and if you will promise to do that I might like you in time."

"You look good enough to eat, yourself, in that little blue dress that just matches the sky," said the Spider Person, winking one set of his eyes, "and I promise you that I won't go *hunting* your Katy-Did. But she'd better keep away from my trap-door," said he, looking very fierce indeed. "All is meat that comes to *my* trap-door!"

"Your trap-door is very wonderful," said Jane Elizabeth. "Won't you tell me how you make it?"

"Now, now, now," said the wily old Spider Person, "you can not expect me to go telling you *all* my secrets, but you may come and look inside if you wish to."

"I do wish to," said Jane Elizabeth. "Mother," called the Spider Person, "go into the bedroom and shut the door, the little Garden Girl wishes to see our cozy living room."

Jane Elizabeth went softly on tip toes over to the Spider's house. That funny old person laughed, and made a low bow, and recited:

"You are welcome to my chamber, said the spider to the maid, and I do not wish to bite you, so please do not be afraid!"

Jane Elizabeth laughed! The Spider Person looked *so* funny, reciting his own poetry.

It was quite the most wonderful house she had ever seen, even though it was built in the ground. It was as smooth as the inside of her gold thimble, and thickly lined and padded with pure spun silk.

"How soft and lovely your walls look. Did you spin the silk yourself?" she asked.

"Surely we did, Mother and I," answered the Spider Person. "We could not have the babies hitting themselves against hard walls, bless their little hearts!"

"Aren't babies nice?" he asked presently. "Don't you just love them? Nothing does my heart so much good as to see a lot of eggs turn into lively little spiders."

"Turn Into," cried Jane Elizabeth. "Don't tell me that you are Turned Into's! You have no *wings*."

"Wings," said the Spider Person scornfully, "what do we need of wings? Much good your Katy-Did's wings did her!"

"Are you going to the Turned Into's party?" asked Jane Elizabeth.

"We may," said the Spider Person, jauntily. "They do not invite us, but we go sometimes. And then you should *see* how the winged ones go home in a hurry."

"I'm 'fraid that you are a very wicked old Spider Person," said Jane Elizabeth.

"Depends on how you look at it," said the Spider Person. "I don't *feel* wicked to myself! But you are a very nice little child, and if I can please you, *without* going without my dinner, I shall be glad to."

"Well, don't catch my Katy-Did, that's all," said Jane Elizabeth.

"But a poor spider must eat, and so must his children," the Spider Person told her, with a low bow. "Please, your ladyship, what may I have to eat?"

"Catch the house flies, and the robber flies, and the mosquitoes, and the black flies, and the midges and the mites, and ———"

"Hold on there!" said the Spider Person. "When you get down to the midges that's funny; it would take a million of 'em to make one bite. But I've enjoyed this little visit very much; don't tell anyone where I live, will you?" he asked her, at the same time jumping into his house and shutting the door.

Jane Elizabeth laughed. "Indeed, I will not," said she. "It would be impos'ble to tell where your house is, with the door shut, you queer old Spider Person!"

NURSE BUMBLE BEE

It was a lovely summer day
Along in mid-July,
The butterflies and dragon flies
Went lazily fluttering by;
Field Lily held her golden bells
Aloft for all to see;
"I think," said Jane Elizabeth
"She's offering some to me."

THEY were so bright that they made the fields and meadows look as though some one had trailed a lovely golden scarf through the green of the grasses. Jane Elizabeth thought that Mother would like some to put in the big wicker and brown jardiniere to brighten the coolest corner of the porch where she sat in the afternoons. She could just 'magine how pretty they would look. She would go and get some, right away, now!

So she tied her sun hat over her braids, got a basket and a pair of scissors, and started happily for the meadows.

Jane Elizabeth, somehow, felt specially happy that morning. There was no hurry about the lilies, and it really *was* hot, so she sat down in the shade under a young fir tree, which was too pretty for words in its green dress with new pale green trimmings, to rest and get cool.

Jane Elizabeth thought how lovely the little tree would look, all trimmed up for a Christmas tree, but she hoped that

no one would ever cut it down to use for that, because she liked to see it there; she hoped that it would live forever, out in the beautiful sunshine, with its flocks of brothers and sisters scattered sociably about.

Thoughts of Christmas brought Christmas music into her mind, and she began singing softly to herself the sweet old song, "Holy Night."

Presently, she noticed with surprise that a little, deep, voice was humming the song along with her.

"Now I wonder," said Jane Elizabeth to herself, "who *that* can be?" So she stopped singing and listened. Then a little voice, sweet and husky, said: "That was a beautiful song, and I'm very glad you sang it; I shall use it now, to sing to the babies."

Jane Elizabeth was delighted; really one never knew just what in'tresting person would happen along *any* minute! This little person, now, was just as dear as she *could be;* her dress was black and yellow but over that she wore a big white apron and on her head was a tiny nurse's cap. And she had wings! and anything with wings int'rested Jane Elizabeth.

"Will you *please* tell me your name?" asked Jane Elizabeth, politely. "I think I should know you in some other dress, but I've never seen a winged nurse person before."

The little nurse laughed. "Bless your heart, Jane Elizabeth," she said, "I'm just Nurse Bumble Bee."

"Why!" exclaimed Jane Elizabeth, in surprise. "I didn't know there were any Bumble Bee nurses!"

"Well, of course we have nurses," said the little person. "How else could the babies be taken care of? Doesn't your baby brother have to be taken care of? And don't you just love to do it?"

"I really would love to," said Jane Elizabeth, "but nurse thinks I might drop him or something, and maybe he'd break, so I just *look* at him and *love* him; but won't you tell me about your babies?"

"They're my little brothers and sisters," said the little nurse person, "and they're the *dearest* things! I do it to help Mother, you know, because Mother works very hard. It was a great amount of work to get the home started, and now that some of us are big enough to work we want her to have what rest she can get."

"Have you no father?" asked Jane Elizabeth.

"We lost our father at the beginning of cold weather, last year," said the little nurse person, "and Mother had a hard time getting through the winter. She had to build our home all alone; she could only make one little wax cell, and hatch out one baby; that gave her some one to help, for by the time the next baby hatched the first one could feed and care for it, and so on.

"We have a very large family now, and we're very busy and happy. That was one of my sisters, taking some bee bread home to the family," said she, as a big gold and black beauty boomed by.

"Where is your home?" asked Jane Elizabeth eagerly. "I should so love to see it."

"I should not be permitted to show you," said the little nurse person. "I couldn't make my sisters understand that you would not wish to harm us, and they might sting you; that would hurt you and I should lose my sister; but we live very near here."

"Please tell me some more about yourself," said Jane Elizabeth. "How do your babies hatch?"

"First," said the little nurse person, "my mother makes a little waxen cell or cradle; then she puts an egg in the cradle, and waits until it hatches and the baby comes out. Just as the birdies do, only our babies are just little wiggly worms at first. Then my mother feeds the little one bee milk and he grows and grows until he fills the cradle so full that it bulges, and then she stops feeding him, and when he can get no more food, he just spins some pretty silk clothes for himself and goes

sound asleep. Then mother tucks him in safely with some more wax so he cannot fall out of bed, and we all go about our work and let him have his nap out.

"By and by he awakens and cries to be taken up, just like any other baby, and mother goes and breaks open the wax cradle and the little bee brother or sister comes out, wings and all, and after we have fed it and brushed it and made it all neat and comfy, it goes to work and helps to take care of the next babies."

"Why, dear me!" said Jane Elizabeth, "You're Turned Into's, aren't you? Are you going over to the Turned Into's party?"

"Where are they having it this year?" asked the little nurse person.

"Over in the Daisy Starred Meadow, by the Still and Silent Pool," said Jane Elizabeth.

"Oh, yes," said the nurse person, "now I remember. Mother said not to forget to go over there when Bottle Gentian blooms: she keeps all her honey bottled up for us, you know. But that will be a long time, for she never blooms until Fall. We're all too busy to go just for the sake of a *party*. Why, we're having dozens of babies coming out every day now, and that means work; one of mine fell in the honey this morning and I had to wash her all over and that's why I'm resting now! So you can see," said the nurse person, laughing, "that I have more 'm'portant things to attend to than parties."

"Yes, I spose so," said Jane Elizabeth, "babies are more 'm'portant than parties, even if they're not very pretty when they're just new."

"Our babies are *very* pretty when they're new," said the bumble bee nurse.

"Ours isn't," said Jane Elizabeth, "he's red and squirmy, and he makes a funny looking face when he cries."

"Oh, well," said the Bumble Bee nurse, "that's just because he has not turned into himself yet; they're all that way

at first. But now I must run. Goodbye, and thank you for teaching me the Christmas song."

And she flew away singing the music happily to herself.

Jane Elizabeth did not watch which way she went; she felt that it would not be polite to do so, because the little nurse person had not told her where she lived, and evidently did not wish her to know.

But it was a very happy little girl who cut the big bunch of lilies and carried them home to Mother, their beautiful blooms nodding above her own cheery little face.

"Why," said Mother, who was waiting for her in the coolest corner of the porch, "what has my little girl turned into now?"

"Miss Field Lily, Mother," said the little girl. "The flowers are for you; I'll put them in the jardiniere for you."

As Jane Elizabeth put the flowers in water, something, big and black and gold, flew out of the heart of a lily and went with a booming flash, out and away to the meadows, where the young fir tree lived.

"My," said Jane Elizabeth, "that was a Bumble Bee nurse; I hope she gets home before her baby wakes up!"

Mother laughed, then she said, "Come here and kiss me, you funny little girl."

GRASSHOPPER GREY

The little winds went racing
As saucy as you please,
Shaking the sparkling dew drops from
The grasses and the trees;
The clover blooms were nodding, all,
A welcome to the sun;
"I b'lieve," said Jane Elizabeth,
"I'll take a little run!"

NO sooner thought than done! Away across the fields she went, dancing merrily with the little Winds, almost keeping up with them it seemed to her. It was so much fun! She had never known that the little Winds would be such good playmates. And then—she stepped on a little round pebble and *down* she went, right in the middle of a clump of the tallest grasses she had ever seen; grasses with long heads, like wheat heads, all bloomed out with the tiniest purple and silver blossoms.

It was the *greatest* surprise, and for a minute Jane Elizabeth couldn't think what had happened, or what to do next.

"Dear, Dear," said a serious little voice up above her; "that surely was a cropper to come! Why don't you use your wings when you race? With your wings properly spread you could not get such a distress-ing fall. Not going to cry, are you?"

"Course I'm not going to cry," said Jane Elizabeth, "I'm

not a cry-baby; 'sides I'm not hurt a bit. But why do you say that I ought to use my wings?"

"Because that's the way to race," replied the voice. "Look, I'll show you," and with a whirr and a buzz the small person left the tall grass upon which he was sitting, and circled around Jane Elizabeth's head and back again.

"Oh, now I know you," said she, "you're Grandfather Grasshopper Grey."

"Certainly I am, my dear," said he, looking very solemn and wise, "but I warn you, if you say one word of that perfectly dreadful verse that the boys are always saying about Grasshopper, Grasshopper, Grasshopper Grey, give me some molasses, and all the rest of it, I shall show you what wings are really made for, and I shall fly far away from here. I do *not like* that silly poem!"

"I don't blame you," said Jane Elizabeth, "and I'm not that kind of a child. I like all the little out of door people, and I wouldn't harm one of them for the world!"

"That makes me much easier in mind," said Grandfather Grasshopper Grey, swinging to and fro on the tall stalk of grain, "but mind what I told you, and when you race use your wings to help keep your balance."

"Why, I haven't any wings," said Jane Elizabeth, laughing, "and I'm never going to have any until I turn into an angel."

"Well, use your head then, and watch your step if you do not wish to fall," said Grandfather Grasshopper Grey.

"What's the dif'rence if I fall down?" asked Jane Elizabeth. "All I have to do is to get up again, like this, see?" she cried, springing to her feet.

"That's so," said Grandfather Grasshopper Grey, "I never thought of that. It's very simple, when once thought of, isn't it?"

"Yes," said Jane Elizabeth, laughing at the serious look on his funny old face, "it is, but how could anybody help thinking of it?"

"Very simple indeed," went on Grandfather Grasshopper Grey, as though she had not answered, "and I will not forget it. I'm glad I met you, my dear, you have given me some new thoughts. But I must be going. I am on my way over to the Daisy Starred Meadow by the Still and Silent Pool, to the Grand Gathering of The Turned Into's. It's a good thing I've got wings or I couldn't go at all; I'm too lame."

"That's too bad! What made you lame?" asked Jane Elizabeth, very sorry for him.

"A small boy caught me when I was quite young," said Grandfather Grasshopper Grey, leaning on his cane, "and pulled off one of my legs, and of course, I've been lame ever since. But it could have been a whole lot worse. He might have pulled off more, but his nurse made him let me go."

"I'm going to teach my brother better than that when he gets big enough to run about. I'm going to teach him to love things," said the little girl, earnestly.

"I hope you will, I hope you will," said Grandfather Grasshopper Grey, "but I must go now, and thank you for a very pleasant chat, little lady."

"Give my love to all the Turned Into's," called Jane Elizabeth, "and come to see me in my garden some time."

LADY BIRD MOTH

The ground was soft and mellow;
Sun-warmed way through and through,
And the garden Children grew so fast
It made a lot to do;
The hungry weeds came trooping in
Demanding to be fed;
"I'd like," said Jane Elizabeth,
"To leave them in the bed!"

THAT would be mistaken kindness, my dear, ab-so-lute-ly mistaken kindness; weeds will only choke your garden children; they grow so fast, and they tumble around so untidily, that if you do not pull them out, you will soon have nothing but a wilderness of weeds," said a dear little voice.

Jane Elizabeth laughed; then she both looked and listened, but not one thing did she hear or see of the owner of the wise little voice.

"Here I am, Jane Elizabeth," said the gay little voice, "over here with pretty Petunia; Petunia is very fond of me, and I've a great fondness for her, and so I came to see her the very first of all."

"I should sus-pose Petunia would be fond of you," said Jane Elizabeth, "because you are so very beautiful. Who are you and why have I never seen you before? I work in my garden every day."

"I came only yesterday," laughed the lovely creature, "and I've been resting since I arrived. I'm glad I came," she said, "I love your garden."

Jane Elizabeth was delighted with her visitor, and she followed her from flower to flower admiring her lovely wings, which she wore like a cloak of olive green velvet, over a dress of watermelon pink and tan.

After the dainty creature had satisfied her hunger, she perched on a rose bush and spread out her wonderful green wings, with the black and white lines like velvet ribbon trimmings for a sun bath.

"Won't you please tell me who you are?" asked Jane Elizabeth, unable to wait a minute longer.

"Why, of course I will, you dear little girl," said the lovely creature. "The grown ups call me White Lined Morning Sphinx, but the children call me Lady Bird Moth, and I like that far the best. Of course you knew as soon as you looked at me that I belong to the Moth family."

"No, indeed, I did not know, I thought you were a butterfly," said Jane Elizabeth. "I thought Moths only flew around after dark."

"Most of them do that," said Lady Bird Moth. "I don't know why. Perhaps it's because the sun is so strong that it fades their wings. I suppose it will fade mine in time, but I love it; I love the night too, and the soft moonlight; I always visit Petunia's cousin Nicotiana at night, because she never comes out in the daytime either."

"I've wondered about that," said Jane Elizabeth. "Why does not Nicotiana come out in the day time?"

"Oh, she's a sleepy-headed dear," said Lady Bird Moth, "but she is very lovely, all your garden children are lovely, and it would be too bad to let the weeds come in and crowd them out. Not that I dislike weeds," she added. "I'm specially fond of Nurse Purslane, because she's so kind to my children."

"Where are your children?" asked Jane Elizabeth eagerly. "I have none yet," said Lady Bird Moth, "but before I go away from the garden I always leave my eggs with kind Nurse Purslane, and when they are hatched out by kind jolly Mr. Sun, according to the way Mother Nature planned it, she feeds them and watches them and helps them change their clothes when it is time."

"No wonder you are fond of her," said Jane Elizabeth, "that is just the way our Nurse takes care of little brother, but Mother is there all the time. I should think your babies would be a teency bit lonely for you, and that you would miss them, too."

"They're well taken care of, bless you!" said Lady Bird Moth. "Mother Nature knows just exactly what to do for each and every one of her children, and she wants us all to be well and happy, and to do our duty. I never saw my mother, but I know that she looked last summer just as I do this summer, and that my children will look next summer just as I do now. And I only hope they will be just as happy as I am in your wonderful garden."

"How wonderful that is," said Jane Elizabeth. "I shall look for your children now until they come."

"They'll be along in a week or so," said Lady Bird Moth, "but you won't like them at all at first. Nobody does except the Robin birds, and they like them almost too well; they eat so many of them that very few of them will live to grow up. The ones the Robin birds do not get live through the summer as beautiful caterpillars, and along in September they will burrow down in the ground, and spin themselves a sheet and a gown, and go sound asleep until Spring comes again; just as I have."

"I think that's a lovely life," said Jane Elizabeth, "and I wish I could spin myself silk for a gown. I would always wear silk if I could; I love silk dresses; but Mother thinks that cotton ones are best for a little girl to wear."

"Sh! sh!" said the Lady Bird Moth. "Don't tell anyone that we can spin silk, because if they ever find out about it someone will be sure to make us do it!"

"I'd think you'd be glad to do it if you know how," said Jane Elizabeth.

"Come closer, Jane Elizabeth," said the Lady Bird Moth, "come closer, and I'll tell you something. A cousin of mine spins silk for people to wear, and do you know, that after he has spun his cocoon they do not allow him to turn into himself at all. They drop him in hot water, and take his silk away from him and that's the end of him. He never gets the lovely wings that Mother Nature meant him to have, and he never sees the shining sun, and never sips honey from the flowers. And so I hope they never find out that my children can spin."

" 'Deed I don't wonder," said Jane Elizabeth, "and I guess I like to wear cotton dresses that grow out in the sunshine, and pop open like pop corn. Big Sister says that's the way cotton grows; just like Topsy," she added laughing.

"Sorry that I cannot stay any longer," said the Lady Bird Moth, "but I'm going to the Turned Into's party this evening, over in the Daisy Starred Meadow, by the Still and Silent Pool, and I have an engagement to call on the Honeysuckle family on my way over, so I must say Good Afternoon!"

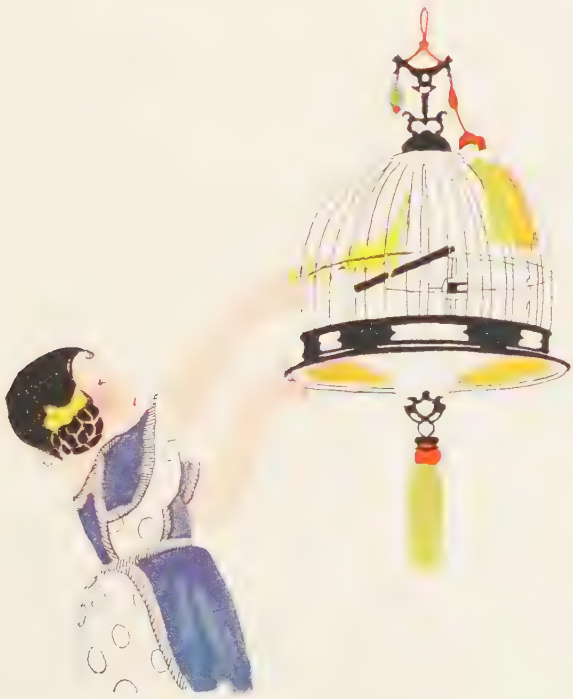
"Give all the Turned Into's my love, will you, Lady Bird?" called Jane Elizabeth.

"'Deed I will," called back Lady Bird Moth, "and I shall be coming back tomorrow, so please don't pull up kind Nurse Purslane."

Jane Elizabeth laughed and patted fat sprawley Nurse Purslane tenderly. "I'll take care of you, Nurse, and you must take care of Lady Bird Moth's children."

"Jane 'Lizbeth," called Big Sister, "when you come in bring a bit of purslane for Dicky bird, won't you please?"

So she did, but it was a wee bit of a piece.



CICADA'S VISIT TO JANE ELIZABETH

It was a sultry afternoon
And every thing was still
Excepting for the Katy-Did
Whose song was loud and shrill;
"O dear," said Jane Elizabeth,
"I'm lonely as can be.
I think the whole world's gone to sleep
'Cept Katy-Did and me!"

MOTHER and little brother were having a nap together because it was Nurse's day out, so Jane Elizabeth, who had said she wasn't sleepy, was amusing herself in her garden.

She was sitting on a garden seat under the cherry tree, trying to be interested in a book, but it wasn't much of a story, so she closed the book and just thought about things, and strangely enough, there didn't seem to be much to think about, either.

"Oh, dear, things never seem to happen on hot days," she murmured. "That's why hot days are so long, I know!"

She had no more than thought it, when, with a whirr and a whizz, something came spang! like a young whirlwind, right into her lap.

First she thought it was Grasshopper Grey, and then she knew that it couldn't be, because this person had red eyes, and Grasshopper Grey had not.

"My Word!" said he, "I should have looked before I leaped! I really did not mean to be so rude."

"Why you dear, queer little person," said Jane Elizabeth, "you could not frighten me; I'm not afraid of anything with wings, 'cept mosquitoes!"

"Oh, aren't you?" asked the small person, who looked something like Grasshopper Grey. "Then you're not a Turned Into, and have never had to dodge hungry birds and ducks and chickens. Why the very robins who live in this garden are perfectly fe-ro-cious. A Turned Into has no chance at all around here; that was a real leap for life, that I took just now, only of course I expected to land in the cherry tree instead of in your lap."

"I am glad that you happened to leap into my lap," said Jane Elizabeth. "I like your pretty black and red suit, and the clever way your wings are veined with red is very artistic."

"This suit is new, I've just got it," said the person who looked something like Grasshopper Grey; "got my wings at the same time, and I like them both very much. I've just been over to the Turned Into's party, in the Daisy Starred Meadow by the Still and Silent Pool," he went on; "they're a happy bunch of youngsters over there this year. It did my old heart good just to look at them enjoying themselves."

"Why you funny little fellow, what makes you talk about being old, when you just said that you've only had your wings a few days?" laughed Jane Elizabeth

"Because," said the person who looked something like Grasshopper Grey, "because I'm really and truly old. I'm the oldest Turned Into in all the world," said he, looking solemnly at her with his queer red eyes.

Jane Elizabeth saw that he was not joking, so she asked: "Why, how old are you?"

"Seventeen years old the day before yesterday, that's

how old I am," he said. "I'm the chap they call the Seventeen Year old Locust, but I like my family name the best, so I hope that you will call me Cicada. It's more musical."

"Why have I not seen you before?" asked Jane Elizabeth. "Is it because you do not really live here?"

"No indeed," said Cicada, "I was born in this very cherry tree, but when I was very young indeed Mother Nature sent me with all my brothers and sisters to our underground home, where we've been ever since, except for a few weeks that we've been living under the flag-stones in your walk."

"What makes you live underground so long?" asked Jane Elizabeth. "It surely cannot be pleasant."

"We're made that way, I s'pose," said Cicada, "and we are not any too welcome when we do come out! But here are some of my brothers coming, and they have their musical instruments along. Shall we play for you?"

"Oh yes, please do," said Jane Elizabeth.

Cicada called all his brothers together, and they all hopped up into the branches of the tree, and began tuning their instruments.

Jane Elizabeth thought it sounded a good deal like the orchestra at the matinee, when they tuned up.

Presently they began to play. It was such lovely music that Jane Elizabeth went fast asleep, and Daddy, coming home early, found her there all curled up like a fluffy kitten.

"Asleep in the afternoon, Lady Bug?" asked Daddy. "That is'nt much like my busy little daughter."

"It was very hot, Daddy," said the little girl, "and the music was so lovely."

"What music was that, Lady Bug?" asked Daddy smiling.

"I can't 'member the person's name, Daddy," said Jane Elizabeth, "but he is the oldest Turned Into in all the world."

"Ah Ha!" cried Daddy, listening, "I hear him. He's our old friend, the Seventeen Year Locust, and I only hope he does not eat us out of house 'n home!"

MISS HONEY BEE

'Twas the loveliest early autumn day
You'd ever wish to see;
The Thistle Fairies burst their shells
And flew away in glee;
The golden rod and aster called
A greeting to the sun,
"Oh, oh," cried Jane Elizabeth,
"I love them every one."

"LOVE them all you please, but please leave them where they are," said a fine little voice, quite near her. Jane Elizabeth was not a bit surprised—she was used to the out-of-doors people by now—but she *was* interested, and so she looked all around to see if she could discover who the musical-voiced stranger was.

And presently she espied Miss Honey Bee, perched airily on a tall spray of golden-rod.

"Why, Honey Bee," said the little girl in surprise, "why may I not have some wild flowers? I came out to the meadow especially to get some for the living room."

"Really, child," said Miss Honey Bee, a little impatiently, "I should suppose that you would understand—just 'sposing that some big giant should come into your house and take all your milk out of your ice box, and spoil all the rest of your food, so that you would have nothing for yourself and nothing for your baby brother, then how would you feel?"

"I would say that they weren't a bit fair," said Jane Elizabeth, "but how did you know that I have a little baby brother, Honey Bee? He is *very* new!"

"That isn't the point," said Miss Honey Bee, who really had not known about the little brother Jim *at all*, but who liked to appear wise, and who also needed an argument that Jane Elizabeth would understand, "that isn't the point."

"Well, please, Honey Bee, what is the point then?" asked Jane Elizabeth politely and patiently. "It's very dis'pointing not to have any wild flowers to take home to mother. I promised that I would dec'rate her living room."

"The point is," said Honey Bee, "that it is beginning to be autumn and every time that you gather an armful of wild flowers, you take away just so many dinners from my little brothers and sisters."

"Why!" exclaimed Jane Elizabeth in dismay, "I do believe that is true, and I had never even thought of it before. I will not take your food. How many little brothers and sisters have you to feed?"

"Never even counted them!" buzzed Honey Bee. "But there are enough so that they keep all the rest of us pretty busy feeding them. I only know there's a hive full. But we expect that they will all turn into themselves some day soon; their wings are budding; then they will be able to feed themselves. But I must hurry home, wasted too much time already," and she was off, straight as an arrow flies, to carry food to the hungry little people in her home.

"Funny," said Jane Elizabeth, "how many things there are in the world to think about, once you know about them. But I wonder now, what I shall do for my dec'rations for the living room? I just the same as solemnly promised Honey Bee that I would not gather any more wild flowers."

She really was at her wits' end when Grandfather Grasshopper Grey came along, leaning on his cane and looking much more like a Grandfather than he did in the summer-time.

"How do you do, Grandfather Grasshopper Grey," said Jane Elizabeth, "and how are you today?"

"Just fine," answered the old fellow. "But what are you looking so puzzled about, little lady?"

"I need some dec'rations for the living room," she answered, "and Honey Bee does not wish me to pick any golden rod and asters, for that takes food away from her brothers and sisters."

"I guess she's right, little lady," said Grandfather Grasshopper Grey, "but why don't you have some autumn leaves for your decorations?"

"Oh thank you, Grasshopper Grey," said Jane Elizabeth, "that is just the thing."

So she asked the sumac for some scarlet leaves, and the young poplar for some yellow ones, and the scrub oaks for some glossy ones, with brown spots, and as she passed a little silver maple it held out some branches of lovely crimson and gold, and when she got home and mother opened the door for her she almost didn't know Jane Elizabeth, she was so covered up in the leaves.

"What is this?" asked Mother. "Have the babes in the wood come back, and is this one of them? Or are you a little Woods Fairy?"

"I'm a Turned Into," said Jane Elizabeth. "I've turned into an autumn leaf, mother, to dec'rate your room with."

CRICKET-ON-THE-HEARTH

The room was very quiet
And things looked scary too
With queer black shadows moving 'round
As Shadows love to do;
The Moon peeped in the window
As the clock was striking eight,
Surprised, indeed, to find for once
That Queen O'Sleep was late.

THE pillow wasn't very comfy, so Jane Elizabeth gave it a little thump and turned it over on the cool side. She just *couldn't* get to sleep!

And *you* know how it is when you can't get to sleep; minutes seem like *hours!*

"Oh dear," sighed the little girl, "I'm tired, and I'm lonely, and I *wish* Mother was home—and—and—my throat is choky and there's a big lump in it—and—and I guess I'm going to *cry!*"

"Guess again, Jane Elizabeth," piped up a merry little voice. "Guess again! I'm making a guess right this minute that you're not going to do anything of the kind; you're going to laugh first, merrily, merrily, merrily! Ha, Ha, Ha!"

Jane Elizabeth sat up in bed, all the tiredness and the impatience gone. "Who *are* you," she asked. "If you are as merry as your voice sounds, I'm going to like you, I know!"

"Of course you're going to like me," said the voice, "and when a fellow is famed in song and story for being the cheeriest *and* the merriest being in the whole world it would never do not to live up to it, and besides, there's no fun at all in being sad. Now is there, Jane Elizabeth?"

Jane Elizabeth smiled. "'Course not," she said, "whoever heard of any one being sad for fun? But when a person can't get to sleep, and there's nobody home to talk to, and, and *everything*—anybody would be sad!"

"Pish-tush, whatever *that* means," said the little voice. "You can talk happy talk to yourself just as well and just as sensibly as you can talk sad talk; and I'm here now and you can talk happy talk to me; you may as well, for Queen O' Sleep is busy with some little new babies just now, teaching them how to sleep, and she depends on big girls like you to be restful and quiet until she comes."

"I'll be ever so good," said Jane Elizabeth, "if you'll come out where I can see you and tell me who you are."

"My Goodness! haven't you guessed yet?" cried the merry little chap, hopping up on the fender, "why, I'm your own particular Cricket On The Hearth, as you can see. Supposed you knew, supposed you knew."

Jane Elizabeth laughed. "I told you so, I told you so," piped up Cricket On The Hearth. "I knew you'd laugh, I knew you would! I said so, did'nt I?"

"Yes you did say so, you funny little chappie," said Jane Elizabeth, "but tell me, how did you ever happen to come just when I needed you so much?"

"Why, what good would it do to come when you did *not* need me?" asked Cricket On The Hearth, in great surprise.

"None, I sus-pose," said Jane Elizabeth, "but what I wonder is how did you know I was lonely and needed you?"

"I'm sus-posed to know when anyone in my own home needs cheering up," said the little fellow. "I live in your hearth," he went on; "it's my home; that's the Hearth n'

Home you hear so much about, your hearth and my home, don't you see? And I have to keep my home happy, so every time anyone in this room is sad I have to be just that much gladder to keep the balance right, or the sad would get so much heavier than the glad that it would soon be *all* sad! and when that happens it takes f'rever 'n a day to get the glad back again."

"That's really very int'resting," said Jane Elizabeth. "I'll try to remember that. What other things do you do besides try to keep the glad in the home?"

"Oh, I drill my orchestra," said Cricket On The Hearth, "and once in a while I take them out to play for a dance in the moonlight. I'm sending some of my band over to the Star Daisied Meadows to play for the Turned Into's party tonight; it's a very 'mportant party that they are giving for the Night Moths."

"Do *you* belong to the Turned Into's?" asked Jane Elizabeth in surprise, "and have you wings? I've never noticed them."

"I wear covers over my wings to keep them nice," said Cricket On The Hearth; "see, this is the way I use them," and he gave a big jump and, spreading his wings, flew way across the hearth and back again to his perch on the fender.

Then Cricket On The Hearth whistled, and immediately the whole cunning little orchestra was sitting on the fender, playing the sweet*est* music! Jane Elizabeth settled down in the little white bed to listen. Just as the orchestra began playing "Home Sweet Home" in Cricket music, the door opened softly and there stood Queen O' Sleep, with her arms full of lovely red poppies.

Jane Elizabeth did not see her, because she had gone fast asleep, but Cricket On The Hearth did.

"Thank you, Cricket," said Queen O' Sleep, "you're the best and cheeriest and most dependable little Turned Into in all the world!"

LITTLE MRS. HOP TOAD

The Frost King hung his jewels out
On every shrub and tree,
And turned the world to fairy-land
For everyone to see;
The sun came out, surprised, then shut
Himself back in the sky;
"It is," said Jane Elizabeth,
"So hard to say Goodbye."

JANE ELIZABETH was saying Goodbye to her garden, and to all the lovely out-of-doors, where she had spent such a happy summer, because she was going back to the city to go to school for the winter.

She knew that it was right to go to school, and she was sure she was going to like it, but it was hard to leave her garden, and all her out-of-doors friends.

She was watching a flock of geese flying south; they were all talking at once, but they were flying in a straight line, and paying strict attention to what their leader said to them; they looked like a flock of airships.

When they were out of sight in the grey of the sky, Jane Elizabeth sighed. "They were saying Goodbye to Summer too," she said. "And now I must say it."

"Why say it if you dislike it so much?" inquired a laughing little voice at her feet.

Jane Elizabeth hopped up on the garden seat to make sure

that she would not step on anyone; at first she could not see anyone, but after awhile she spied Mrs. Hop Toad, all cuddled up in a heap of dry leaves, blinking up at her.

"Why, Mrs. Hop Toad," said she, "can that be you? Why, I thought you were gone days ago. I have not seen you for a long time now, not in days and days."

"I've been over to the Daisy Starred Meadow," said Mrs. Hop Toad, "and I've just got back. I had some idea of getting myself a winter home on the edge of the Still and Silent Pool, but the best ones were all taken. So I'm going to move down to the marsh today. It's not quite so nice, but it is nearer the garden, and easier to get back in the Springtime."

"But it's so cold down there, Mrs. Hop Toad," said Jane Elizabeth. "I'm really afraid you'll freeze."

"Oh, bless you're kind little heart," said Mrs. Hop Toad, laughing, "I shall be perfectly comfortable. The ground isn't frozen a bit in the marsh yet; this is only one of Jack Frost's jokes; wait until the sun comes out a few hours and you'll never know the little mischief has been around here at all. It's only October! You'll see, I'll cover myself up nice and warm and go to sleep, and be here in the Spring-time as good as new."

"Are the Turned Into's still over in the Daisy Starred Meadow?" asked Jane Elizabeth.

"Most all of them have gone away now," said little Mrs. Hop Toad, "but we have all had a beautiful summer, and they will be back next year. But I must be going or the best places will all be taken," and she started toward the marsh, looking very funny indeed with a big yellow leaf from the Catalpa tree wrapped around her shoulders for a shawl.

"I am coming back next year too," called Jane Elizabeth, "so Goodbye Mrs. Hop Toad, and good luck to you! Have a pleasant sleep."

"I don't like the word Goodbye, any better than you do," said Mrs. Hop Toad, "so let's make a new word. Good

Days to you, Jane Elizabeth, Good Days! You and all your garden friends who have become Re-Turned Into's."

"Funny little Mrs. Hop Toad," said the little girl. "That's a good thought and makes it easier to go. It is clever too. Re-Turned Into's. I like that!"

And so that is, perhaps, maybe, we don't know—
ANOTHER STORY.

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